

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

BY WILLOW GLEN.

In this quiet hour,
I wonder, deeply in thought,
From the house of busy men,
Or sought that man has wrought,
God, the great Architect, alone
Has reared these verdant walls;

I listen to His spirit-tones ;

Whence the night dew falls,

A frosty, soft, silent tone,

And, softer than the finest flute,

A little brook is murmuring there,

Beneath that sand, shiny root,

The bough shines in glossy green,

Close-blown, bright rose,

And glimmering beryl interwoven,

With a jeweled bracelet.

The nut-tree bears its lily head,

To fan the hundred trees;

The dark leaves ebb back the tress

Of the cool light-bordered flood,

Each tiny, timid, creeping thing,

That in the woods plays;

Each little bird whose wings

Grow brighter in its rays,

Sends up a sweet and grateful song

Of love, and joy, and praise,

And as the streamlets glides along,

Its many tenants gaze,

With glowing eyes, at heaven's blue arch,

As if they were well to see,

Between the leaves of the sweeping larch,

Its glorious canopy.

The shoot of mirth, the cry of woe,

Are sold unuttered here;

This is the place, of all below,

To check the starting tear.

With a smile, the eye of light,

And greater in my spirit's tone,

The raven in my heart take flight,

And leave me but the dove alone.

Then memory gently comes the while,

And hales her throns with fairest flowers,

And with her hand, and blanched smile,

Reveals the secret of the hours.

The spirits of my dead arise,

Clad not in gloom, yet pale,

But fresh from out their paradise—

How bright their vestments glow!

They beckon with their slender bands,

To lead me back the way;

But each one can lead me home,

That bind me to a form of clay.

Tis here, great God, my soothed heart,

In adoration turns above;

With faith I see each joy depart,

Crowned by thy bountiful love,

My soul can rest in peace,

A soothed world, or Satan's pale—

Oh, he that over ev'ry— E. A. COMSTOCK.

Dareys, June 18, 1841.

* I found this beautiful spot in my rambles, and named it after the willow that fringe its banks.

THE BLIND BOY.

Following was written for the children of the Sunday School of St. Thomas's Church, by the Rev. Mr.

It was a blessed summer day;

The flowers bloomed, the air was mild,

The little birds pour'd forth their lay,

And every thing in nature shined.

In pleasant sight I wander'd on;

Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,

Till suddenly I came upon

Two children, who had thi'd strayed.

Just at an aged beeched-fern's foot,

A little boy and girl rec'd'la;

His hand in hers, she kindly put,

And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near;

A tree concealed them from their view,

But all they said, I well could hear,

And I could see all they might do.

Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,

"That little bird sings very gay—

Say, do you see him in his joy,

And is he pretty as his song?"

Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,

"I see the bird on yonder tree."

The poor boy sigh'd, and gently said,

"Sister, I wish that I look'd at God."

I thought I did, but I look'd at God."

The flowers say are very fair,

And bright green leaves are on the trees;

And pretty birds are singing there;

How beautiful, for one who sees !

Yet I the feathered world see,

And I can feel the green leaf's shade,

And I can see the sun's swell.

From these dear birds that God has made,

So, sister— it is to me kind,

Though sight, alas ! he has not given—

But tell me— there are then blind,

Among the children up in heaven ?"

No, Edward; Edward; all, all see;

But, why ask a man so old ?"

Oh, Mary! He's so good to me,

I thought I did, but I look'd at God."

For long, clasped his hand held

On that dear boy, so meek, so mild;

His widow's mother wept and wailed,

That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,

And said—" Oh never weep for me;

I'm going to a bright, bright place,

Where, Mary says, I, God send me,

And will come, dear Mary, too;

Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis I—

You know where I have been."

I thought I did, but I look'd at God.

The SOUL.

Mind had its earth

And Heaven.

The poor pretty common thoughts

On which we daily trust, we make, one,

And scarce whose few loss, in older, is,

That high and monk-like infinity.

The brighter, upper-half of the mind's world,

Thick with great sun-like and constellate thoughts;

And in the night of mind, is what the mind,

These things have done, are like the sun's double life;

They are to be bright, show on life's flood;

But even the deep drifts to deathlessness,

From this earth's mere existence unto Heaven,

Can scarce be more than from the hand, hot day

To sleep's soft sense—the moonlight of the mind.

The wave is never weary of the wind,

But in innumerable playthings leaps to

The sun's bright, blushing cheek, and the world's

And sinks in sleep ; like a sweet dream,

By life, setteth into proper calmness;

For sleep seems of purer importancy;

And why should anything else be said ?

Miscellany.

From "Geeky a Lady's" Book for Patients.

MARY RYAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

(Concluded.)

The old man took the little coin and deposited it in one of his numerous pockets, muttering, "I'll dash it on my hat, God bless her, for a minute."

"There's one thing I often want to speak about, but can't never tell her," said the girl, "because it almost makes me cry." She knew my story, and my home, and my father."

"Whist, ne'erlast! how should I know anything about her?"

"Never, I wish I could forget it, but I can't. I remember my mother catching me out of my sleep, and saying, 'Who's this? Who's this?' and, 'I am, and I am a child,' and, 'I am a girl, and I am a daughter.'"

"I am a girl, and I am a daughter," said the girl, "and I am a woman, and I am a mother."

"I am a woman, and I am a mother," said the girl, "and I am a wife, and I am a daughter-in-law."

"I am a wife, and I am a daughter-in-law," said the girl, "and I am a mother."

"I am a mother, and I am a wife," said the girl, "and I am a daughter-in-law."

"I am a daughter-in-law, and I am a wife," said the girl, "and I am a mother."

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to put stones in my wallet, I've been blown away."

I wish I had space to recount all Daddy Denney's stories; some of them could not fail to make you weep; and this is truly characteristic of his coming. There are many such stories, and I could tell you many more, but I must be brief, for time is short, and I have no time to waste.

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